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The Man in the MOON Drinks Clarret.

As it was lately Sung at the Curtain Holy-Well.
To the same Tune.



Bacchus the Father of drunken Howls,
Full Mazers, Beakers, Glasses, Bowls.
Grease Flapdragons, Flemish Applie freeze,
With health stab'd in arms upon naked knees
Of all his Wines he makes you tasters,
So you tipples like Bumbasters.
Drink till you reel a welcome he doth give,
O how the boon Claret makes you live,
Not a Painter purer colour shows,
then what's laid on by Claret,
Pearl and Ruby both set out the Rose,
when thin small Beer doth mar it,
Rich Wine is good,
It heats the blood,
It makes an old Man luffy,
The young to brawl,
and the Drabwars up call,
Before being too much musty.
Whether you drink all or little;
Put it to your selves to wittle,
Then though twelve
A Clock it be,
Yet all the way go roaring,
If the Band,
Of Bills cry stand,
Swear that you must a Who-----
Such Gambols, such tricks such Fegaries;
We fetch though we touch no Canaries:
Drink wine till the Welkin roars,
And cry out a pox of your Scores,
In Wine we call for Bawdy Jiggs,
Catzoes, Rumbllows, Whirligigs,
Cambo got in huff Cap vain,

The Devil in the places you wot were raigh,
Brave Wine it thus tickles our peels,
Gull'd well in wine none sorrow feels,
Our Moon-man & his powder-beef mad crew,
Thus caper through the liquor sweet Turnip
Round about over tables & joy'd stools (diew
let's dance with naked Rapiers,
Cut the fiddle-strings and then like fools,
kick out the fun fun scrapers,
There is no sound,
That cares can wound,
As lids of Wine pots clinking,
There's no such sport
When all amorst,
Men cry let's sail a drinking;
O 'tis nappy Beer.
Would each belly was filled here,
Herrings pickel'd,
Must be tickel'd,
Down to draw the Liquor:
The salt Sammon,
And fat Sammon,
Makes our Wine drink quicker.
Our Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
If he doth so, why should not you,
Drink until the Sky looks blew.

Hey for a turn thus above ground,
O my Riddle too heavy doth weigh,
Whetherin, Perry, Syder, nor strong Ale,
Are half so heavy be they ne'r so stale:
Wine in our Guts can never rumble,
Down now & then though it makes us tumble
Yet scrambling up a drunkard feels no pain,
But cries Sirrah Boy, t'other Pottle again.
We can drink no more unless we have,
full pipes of Trinidado,
Give us the best it keeps our brasins,
more warm then does freezado.
It makes us sing,
And cry hey ding,
And laugh when Pipes lye brokeil,
for which to pay,
At e'ing away,
We scorn a Mustard token;
Never curse the sawcy score,
Out-swear the Bar you'l pay no more:
In these days,
We is no gallant,
That cannot puff and swagger,
Though he dare
Not kill a Sheep,
Yet out must lye his dagger:
If then you do love my Poast's Clarret,
Fat powder beef, Turnip and Carret,
Come agen, and agen,
And still welcome Gentlemen.

Printed for W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

